

YOUTH

MARCH 23/69

THE HUNGER SHACK  
ALONE AGAINST THE CROWD

A stylized illustration of a person's face in profile, looking down. The face is rendered in a light, textured style against a background of swirling, wavy lines. Numerous teardrop-shaped raindrops, colored in shades of blue and purple, are scattered across the entire scene, falling from the top. The overall color palette is dominated by these cool tones.

IS  
LIKE THE RAIN







YOU  
US LIKE  
PAIN

SWEEPER (*pushing broom across stage*):  
I've swept plenty of stuff off this stage,  
but never any like this. (*Picks up program.*  
*Reads*): "The Story of the PEOPLE, the  
family of man, on pilgrimage through  
time." What in the world? (*Tosses pro-  
gram into basket.*)

TAPED VOICE: "Through this light show we  
invite you the people to say Yes! (*Sweep-  
er, still spotted, looks around at projected  
slides of cheering throngs.*) To celebrate  
this life, to celebrate the true brilliance of  
this new glowing, orbiting world and its  
magic moments!!!" ▶

# Youth!

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Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

Assoc. Editor: Laura-Jean Mashrick

Art Consultant: Charles Newton

Admin. Secretary: Clara Utermohlen

Secretary: Jane Popp

Editorial address: Room 800, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

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The spectators, curious and quiet, have filed into the theatre & perused their programs . . . suddenly darkness! A jagged flash of lightning, a clap of thunder, and a projection of pastel rain falls onto the stage as actors enter proclaiming:

"From the four corners of the earth,  
from corners lashed in wind  
and bitter with rain and fire,  
from places where the winds begin  
and fogs are born with mist children, the people came.  
Tall men from tall rocky slopes came  
and sleepy men from sleepy valleys  
their women tall, their women sleepy,  
with bundles and belongings,  
with little ones babbling, 'Where to now?' 'What next?' "

Quotations on pages 4 and 8 from *The People, Yes*, by Carl Sandburg, copyright 1936, by Harcourt Brace & World, Inc.; Renewed 1964 by Carl Sandburg; Reprinted by permission of the publishers.





Photos courtesy Bishop Fenwick High School

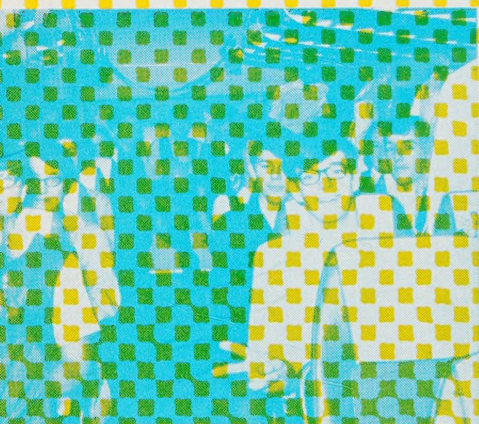
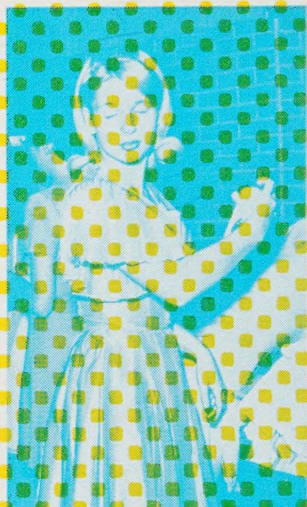
ides are projected depicting clouds, rivers, nature as the chorus sings:

"I saw raindrops on my window, Joy . . . is like the rain  
Laughter runs across my pain, slips away and comes again  
Joy . . . is like the rain."

Thus—against three huge screens set in a black cyclorama on which will be projected over 500 slides and some original film—begins "Joy Is Like the Rain," a mixed media celebration by the students of Bishop Fenwick High School, Lancaster, Ohio.

Combining folksong, dance, acting, poetry, photography, light and projection techniques, the production, which took the place of the routine high school class play, is based on Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes!* and the series of folksongs recorded on the album, *Joy Is Like the Rain*, by Sister Miriam Therese Winter, S.C.M.M. It relates the story of the People, the Family of Man, on Pilgrimage through time . . . the strife of war and social conflict, the wonder of love, the splendor of nature, the burden of loneliness . . . all come into sharp focus in JOY.









A 54-second, black-and-white film sequence cuts from a Negro and white child at happy play to scenes of riot and violence, illustrating what the actors tell of the tower of Babel and the subsequent differences among men. The chorus sings of "Zaccheus," the despised little man favored by Christ, while boys in black and white abbas dance a further interpretation of the theme.

There is the illusion of walls of water—shot through with bursts of blue light—polarized filters fill the screens with a mosaic of softly-changing colors; waves of ever-blending, hazy-colored lights glow through a translucent screen; and tall "boxes" flicker luminescent squares of muted color.

An unseen team of 20 technicians, linked by telephones, is controlling the closely-timed effects of multi-projected slides, film, and tape—the results of months of preparation. One of the technicians, Marvin Pratt, has invented an ingenious device, an intricate image-splitting hexagonal mirror by which a projection may be fragmented and then drawn back into totality. ▶



A technician, unseen, moves a switch—the audience sees words projected as they hear:

"Suppose now you give me the history of the world and peoples in three . . ." and the learned men pondered long into the night and brought back three words:

*born, troubled, died,*

This was their history of every man.

"Give me next for my people, in one word, the inside kernel of all you know,

the knowledge of your 10,000 books—

with a forecast of what will happen next—

this for my people in one word."

And again they sat into the peep of dawn.

The arguments raged, and the glass prisms of the chandelier's shook.

At last they came to a unanimous verdict and brought the headman one word: *maybe*.

The audience is called upon to become involved—as the Beatles' song "Hey, Jude," plays from the loudspeakers, they give the peace to each other and exchange the "I am loved" buttons which were attached to the programs. The Rotary Connection's "Amen" fills the theater and the actors move through the audience distributing bread. The Chorus sings "Let Us Break Bread Together" as the audience eats; slides of local congregations cover the side screens, and refracted light, twisted and molded, fills the center screen.







I AM  
LOVED

amen  
amen



Now to "Up, Up and Away" balloons flood the stage area, while faces of the cast, projected onto the ceiling, smile down at the audience. And the audience releases balloons which they have blown up and on which they have written a message—the battling back and forth of balloons lasts for the duration of the song.

The journey continues its way of joy through song and poetry and light . . . the SWEEPER appears again just as an actor asks, "Where are we now? What time is it now?"

SWEEPER (*Right center*): Well, it's about a quarter to ten. I think I get this show after all. All kinds of people, all working together, all building something. Makes sense alright, but give me a game on TV and a cold bottle of beer. [*A half-dozen TV commercials flash on the screens*] I'm sorry I said that. Honestly I wasn't thinking. I really wasn't thinking."

And the show moves on through life. At the finale, the hundred-member cast reprises a few choruses, and, clapping their hands, files through the audience singing "It's a Long Road to Freedom." They are followed by the sweeper—who carries a sign reading "The People, Yes!" to conclude the show and lead the audience—image-blitzed and freshly-sensitized—into life beyond the theater.









Audiences have responded enthusiastically—and in kind:

"Dear Media-kids, light people, mixed-celebrants:

I can't get you out of my mind!—lights and song,  
dance and films, words and people. What a beautiful  
Power you created! And how you created it . . .

the stomach crawlers behind the sceens . . .

the finger-burnt who handled the hot overhead  
the projectors,  
the lights . . .

the timers,  
the pluggers in, the pullers-out,  
the pushers-on,  
the anybodies, the everybodies . . .

Who sang a play,  
who played a dance,  
who lighted a sound,

who sounded a color,  
who colored the audiences  
DELIGHT . . .

Someday teachers should sing, play, dance, light  
sound, and color a mixed-media STUDENT celebra-  
tion. And you deserve to be in the best seats to hear  
what students sometimes don't hear or don't believe  
. . . to hear teachers say their YES to students.

*A teacher-celebrator,  
Elizabeth Stockover, O.S.F."*

The audience responds because the cast is convincing—they really believe in the joy and the people they proclaim . . . but it wasn't that way from the beginning.

"When Sister Marcella and Sister Kristen presented the idea of *Joy* to us, we didn't like it. It seemed like a lot of work for no recognition at all. There were no leads; no one could really stand out. But we began to understand as our 'why's' were answered with **SOLD OUT** signs."

Both cast and crew caught the spirit of what they were about. One of the student filming assistants remarks: "I never realized there were so many lonely people until we began looking for them for the filming. In fact, there were so many things I saw either for the first time or in a new way—like the robin's egg and leaves on the gravemarker in the cemetery, and the church steeple through the bars in the old jail."

A singer in the show comments, "For once, I'm taking part in something that is really me. Singing about reality, life—the way things really are. It's not a cover up production; we aren't emphasizing the good and hiding the bad aspects of life. This type of production swallows the entire cast and crew and makes it part of the message. We blow in the wind and ride the waves of the sea as they are projected around us."

And it took work—of all kinds—before even that first production. Sisters Marcella and Kristen went to New York on a research trip—visiting all the light shows in the city! Back to Lancaster . . . "we were afraid of how our local audience might react to the type of show we and our students were going to attempt to build."







Then once begun: there was that chilly 38° overcast morning. Two guitarists and a handful of singers looked at the muddy ponds and beyond them up the hills at the few trees budding. A signal from the cameraman and 14 shivering, chiffon-clad dancers unwrapped themselves from sweaters and jackets. Bronze-blown scarves in hand, the girls assumed ballet positions.

Three hours and 900 feet of film later the filmed ballet which serves as background in the show for the same dance, "Speak to me, Wind," was off its way to be processed and edited.

Since the original production the cast has performed many times—the appeared at the Ohio State Fair last summer—and have been on road-to through the 1968-69 school year.

"The going got rough at times, and we thought we couldn't bear to sing those songs, say those lines, dance those steps or ripple that water once more. Nerves were frayed and tension grew. Feeling that we needed something more than ourselves we asked if a Eucharistic Celebration could be woven into one of our rehearsals. So the week before our second 'on-the-road' performance the cast and crew of JOY participated in a special liturgy which included some songs, dances, and screen effects from the show. And that Mass brought us a certain peace and unity that sustained us in our effort."

Perhaps JOY can all be summed up in these words of Sister Marcella: "Our purpose in doing such a unique production is really two-fold. We wished to use the talents and abilities of our students in a more creative way than a class play permits, and we hoped, as a small Catholic school in this typical mid-American community, to make some special kind of contribution by conveying a message of joy and hope in these restless days."



"I saw Christ in wind and thunder,  
Joy is tried by storm.  
Christ asleep within my boat, whipped by wind,  
yet still afloat.  
Joy . . . is tried by storm."







## A DREAM REMEMBERED

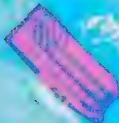
One year has passed since Memphis,  
Saturday, April 4—Good Friday now.  
Five years have passed since Dallas.  
Its memories still move men to tears.  
Over 20 years have gone since Ghandi's  
life was also ended by an assassin.

It is Lent . . . 1969 . . . and we remember  
Another assassination which took place  
1939 years ago.  
Yet Christ did not die dumb;  
His crucifixion became resurrection!  
Good Friday led to Easter.

And, his death and life have given meaning  
to all life and death.

So, Ghandi, Kennedy, King—and other  
nameless thousands,  
Have lived and died Christ's men.  
And in that death, live on, remembered  
As we live and seek to change our world  
—to proclaim our brotherhood  
with all men,  
—to act as children of our God.

—LIM





alone against the crowd . . .







what is the charge you bring against this man?

He's a threat to us! Away with him!

I rule these people. It's my job to protect them and to maintain order and justice. But above all, I've got to keep myself in power. This man standing before me looks harmless, yet he teaches that a citizen's first loyalty is to God. He says an unjust law made by unjust men is against the law of God. But I say that laws are made to discipline people and not to please a God. If I'm to preserve order, the people must obey the laws. I'm safe in power if I can keep the majority in line and satisfied. The majority wants this man out of the way. But what if this man is right? I certainly don't want to appear ignorant in the eyes of those who know he's right. Yet I cannot permit him to challenge my authority and threaten my power. I suspect his own goodness will spoil his chances to succeed! He's so good he doesn't seem real to the mob. They're too indifferent to see the truth of what he says. They're too selfish to see the power of his virtue. They're too insecure to risk themselves to do the right even when they know they're wrong. I'll just wash my hands of the whole affair and let the mob solve my dilemma.

Free the thief! But give us this man! Show him mob justice!

I'm a fighting man! I get what I want by force. People are afraid of me. When I don't like something, I shout louder than the rest or I shake my fist or I bang my sword. Just a hint of violence keeps people humble. When I first heard this guy talking treason, I thought he was one of us. But he's like all the rest. He's afraid to fight. Some say he's a man of love. But don't let him fool you with that non-violence stuff. He's dangerous. If he's allowed to go free, he'll stir up a lot of trouble in our land. If the government won't do anything to stop him, we'll take the law into our own hands.

Ship him! Maim him! Mock him! Make him respect force!

I am a practical man. None of this vague, mysterious religion junk for me! It's be practical! What you cannot see or touch, just doesn't exist. I can't believe in anything I cannot prove. This faith stuff is a fraud. It's for the dreamer! The idealist! This religious leader is simply feeding on the emotions of the people and is intoxicating their minds with all this talk about God. If God created man, then why didn't he make all men perfect? If God is love, why do men suffer? If God is so powerful, then why doesn't he let man here prove his God-given power? Let's face it. Man alone controls this world. Religion is a drug. Don't let this man poison you. Get away from this faker before he dupes everybody.

Religion is an opiate. There is no God! This man is a fraud.

I am a religious man! I read the scriptures precisely. I never miss a day of prayer. I insist on perfect obedience to the holy law. I am impatient with those who desecrate the sabbath. I never stray from the traditions of the past. I believe all that I am asked to believe and I denounce those who doubt or disagree. What more can God demand of me? And yet this man says my religious life is a mockery! He claims that my ceremonious acts and pious deeds defile all that is godly.

He destroys our religion! He acts like God! Heretic!

I am a good man. I am nice to my family. I give to the poor. I select my words carefully. I do not use foul language. And it pays to be good, for good people are respected. If I am capable of being good, why can't other men be good? It seems to me that the answers to life's problems are simply black and white. And so I feel sorry for those people who have not yet found my peace of mind. But then this man came along. He makes life's problems seem so much more complex, not easier. He says it is wrong even to think an evil thought. It is right to love your enemy. It is wrong to do a good deed if your motive is to seek reward for your good-



ness. It is right to have compassion for prostitutes, tax collectors, mental ill, beggars, and lepers. What kind of man is this? This type of talk is a threat to good men everywhere.

This man upsets our way of life! He's sneaky! He's subversive!

I am a young man! But I know much more than my youth reveals. I see the sham and shallowness all around me. And this man has seen it, too. He has spoken truth. But the people fear him! My parents are shaken. My teachers are shocked. My countrymen are aroused. Why won't they listen? Why are they blind? Why do they turn the other way? Is this man wrong? Am I wrong, too? Why should I believe in him? Why should I risk rejection at home, at school and all around me just to follow this man? I have a whole life ahead of me. Why should I throw my future away?

Away with him! Out of my sight! Crucify him!

I am a follower of this man. How can I believe what I see? Why does he let them do this to him? Why can't those people understand that he means no harm to them? I feel so helpless. We don't know what we're doing. I'm afraid. I'm not sure of myself. Yet, I must do something. The least I can do is give him a decent burial.

He is dead and buried. It's good riddance. Now his followers are helpless without him. Their power is gone. Now our consciences can rest in peace.

But he won't let us rest. Even in death he shakes up my parents. They've heard rumors. But I've talked secretly with some of his young followers. Many have just seen this man alive. If he has conquered death, what manner of man is he? Can this truly be the Son of God? And if I really believe in this risen Christ, nothing can be the same again! I must choose. What will my answer be?





# THE HUNGER SHACK

PROJECT 14





BY LIBBY SMITH / Youth Week with its theme—"Justice on the Space-ship Earth"—was over but it would not let us go. Pictures and phrases in the special edition of *Risk*, 1967, kept haunting us. We could not shake the impact of such statements by Albert Van Den Heuvel as, "To-day 15,000 people died of hunger" and "In the language of the poor, hunger is injustice not fate; in the language of the rich, hunger is greed not tragedy." We also took note of John F. Kennedy's statement, "For the first time in human history we have the means to feed all: we lack only the willingness to share."

We felt we in Champaign, Ill., really didn't know about poverty and hunger, so Project 14 was born. The idea of building a shack on the church lawn and living in it was conceived. December, which was the NOW month seemed logical. Nativity scenes would appear on some church lawns. A hunger shack would appear on ours at University Place Christian Church. We were not making a protest of Christmas as a festival of the affluent but in the season of candy, gifts, and cookies we wanted to identify with those who experience hunger and wretched conditions.

Although we wanted an air of secrecy to surround the planning stages so that the impact of the shack upon the congregation might be greater, the idea was taken to the ministerial staff of the church





and to the chairman of the Property and Grounds committee—and approval was given.

The date of December 14 was selected as construction date, hence the name Project 14, and Stan Herrin, high school junior, was named project co-ordinator. Some weeks were spent in gathering or "liberating" materials to be used. Everything was needed; tin roofing, doors, windows, plywood, tarpaper, scrap lumber, posts, and straw. December 14 dawned clear and cold, ten degrees and a blowing wind. The construction crew took six hours to put this shack together, a simple rectangle 8' x 16'. A single electrical cord provided energy for a light bulb and a small space heater to

ward off the bitter cold. Cardboard lined the walls and rags and paper stuffed the cracks and served as insulation. Furniture in the shack consisted of an old straightback chair, a worse-for-the-wear table, a discarded rug found at the dump, and a few shelves to hold cans, tin plates, and a few assorted items. Rules for living in the shack in 24-hour shifts were posted.

Each shift of four persons pooled their money. Thirty cents per person per day was the maximum allowed for shack living. We quickly learned that meat and sweets were out of consideration when buying food was concerned. One shift spent an hour at a local grocery store figuring out their meals and

cents. Bread, beans, soups were  
We actually fared too well on  
cents per person per day and  
though denied the usual diet of  
me and school, none of us really  
experienced hunger. In this aspect  
Project 14 planning failed us.  
Were it to be done again I think we  
could insist on fasting a day before  
our turn in the shack, a limit of ten  
cents per day, or perhaps several  
days living in the shack-conditions  
a time. Then, perhaps, we'd know  
more about what it means to be  
hungry.  
Project 14 made the news much  
to our surprise. The local news-  
papers and TV stations seemed in-  
terested and the idea was news-  
worthy. On the day of construction,  
a postman commented that a mail-  
box was needed—and we laughed,  
but when the story hit the AP wire,  
we were amazed to receive letters  
and cards from California to New  
York, Georgia to Oregon. A wo-  
man in Missouri sent us a package  
containing reading material and  
more!  
We had our own publicity thing  
going. Handbills calling attention  
to the matter of world hunger and  
domestic hunger were posted on the  
shack. Passersby were given hand-  
bills, as well as members of the con-  
gregation as they went to and from  
church services on Sunday mornings  
and on Christmas Eve. Several of  
the boys in their shack clothing  
served as deacons and ushers for  
church services.

But how do you get the attention  
of people, even your own church  
congregation? After the Christmas  
holidays, a random telephone sur-  
vey was made one evening by  
youth of Project 14. Calls were  
made to church members. One-  
third of those called had not even  
heard of the shack nor had they  
seen it! "What the heck is a shack  
doing in front of the church?" An-  
other third expressed either com-  
pletely neutral or negative feelings  
about the Project. We had indica-  
tions of this group from the fact  
that some parents wanted their  
children to have nothing to do with  
the shack.

The other survey calls made  
turned up some informed and posi-  
tive responses. We had gotten  
through—at least to some! Still the  
Project left us wondering just what  
it is you have to do to communicate  
concerns among your own people—  
family, congregation, and commu-  
nity? If they failed to hear about  
the shack, how deaf are persons to  
the problem of hunger in the world  
and that probably 10,000 children  
died today of hunger? We stayed  
in the shack while American astro-  
nauts were circling the moon on  
Christmas Eve. We remembered a  
filmstrip we had seen on social  
problems titled, "Tomorrow the  
Moon, But When Do We Get to  
Earth?"

The Project also left us with some  
new insights and feelings. We were  
role playing and we knew it. We



came from affluent homes and we would go back to affluent homes. Such is not the situation for the hungry and destitute of the world. For us it was play. For millions it is real life! What can we do for them?

We experienced slight hunger and inconvenience, some loneliness and boredom but also that when you are "without" you make do and shift for yourself. Some rules were broken. No food was to be brought to the shack by tenants except that purchased by the "pooled" money allowed—but someone took the communion loaf from the Table after church services! When asked whether or not a building permit was needed to erect the shack, the consensus was, "Who cares about permits—the poor don't."

But mostly we learned about ourselves and our capacities to understand and identify with the hungry of the world. We are very shallow and mostly concerned about ourselves! It is hard to really identify with the sufferings of others. It is hard to role-play another's life or conditions.

If another group were to set up such a project, we would hope they could learn from our experience. It is important to determine not only what you do but why you do it. Perhaps it would be well to have whole families live in hunger-shack conditions and not just the teens of a church or community.

Phase II of Project 14 is now underway—the challenge of members of our congregation and other congregations to participate in a Hunger Fast. The three-to-five meal fast we hope will catch on. It may help others experience a little of Project 14 and to symbolically identify with the problem of hunger in the world. Sensitivity can take place in many ways—the fast is one way. Money received from fasting families will be sent to an organization like the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), or United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNTAD), or another agency dealing with hopeful solutions to world hunger.

Phase III calls for more study and investigation—the writing of letters to local, county, state and national politicians and legislators, and perhaps, youth involvement and participation in politics. It remains to be seen what one group—or one person—can do as a result of Project 14. Hunger will not pass from the world scene easily. We hope our concern will not easily pass from us, too. ▼



The author and two of her fellow demonstrators at the shack.



## SHARING HER TALENT

We were most pleased to see the Creative Arts II issue of YOUTH magazine (February 9, 1969) in which our daughter's story appeared. Gail died last August. She would have been especially excited about the format of this issue. Her short life was a struggle against an inoperable heart defect, but she had keen insight and much talent. Those who knew her well were continually amazed. And we are grateful for this recognition of her ability.

—Mrs. Galen Jackson, Rock Rapids, Ia.

## ARTABAN REVISITED

I read your article on Camp Artaban (YOUTH, January 26). It interested me because I went there as a camper several years ago. It really was great what those kids did up there.

Your magazine is the greatest thing that has happened to literary publications since the newspaper. And I'd be willing to argue with anyone on that point. Thanks for such a great magazine.

—L. M., Tacoma, Wash.

## WE LOVE YOU, TOO!

I love your magazine!

I love your magazine!

I love your magazine!

Monica Furlong writes in *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*:

"Christianity is not about righteousness, but about vulnerability, the tearing down of our pitiful human defenses until we can touch other people and be touched by them. In fact, about love."

Again, I love your magazine!

—S. W., White Plains, N.Y.

## FROM A PASTOR

Our congregation has decided to use YOUTH magazine in our educational program. After reviewing many publications, we have come to the conclusion that your material is the most fitting for us. My own desires are that someday our churches will be one in function, intention and corporate existence. Thank you for doing such a worthy job—it seems almost too expensive a gesture to be thanking a publisher for honoring the reality of the gospel when that very act is its essential purpose. There are, on the other hand, so many publishers of "Christian" literature who have abandoned any concern they might have had for the Biblical Witness.

—R. K., Creston, Wash.

## UNJUMBING PROBLEMS

Our thanks to Elsa Bailey for saying things that make sense (December 29, 1968, YOUTH). It's hard for me to be able to unjumble problems, let alone write it down for



# touch & go

# touch & go

other people to read. But you can tell it like it is and get through to kids. We've used your story from YOUTH magazine in our local P.F. and would like to see more of this. It seems that there just aren't enough people who take the time to write of steps, rain, flowers, and notes. Thank you again for a great story from a super person!

—S. J., Stafford Springs, Conn.

## CELEBRATION!

Your December 29 issue of YOUTH hit a new high of communicating the way life is and celebrating its meaning. This was better than all the denominational Christmas cards put together. When our church can communicate like this, the future is full of hope.

—C. R., Greenland, N. H.

## THE CRISIS CONTINUES

As a mother of a teenager who subscribes to YOUTH, I was very interested in the June 16-30, 1968 issue on the Racial Crisis. It was wonderful and I read it from cover to cover. I know it is a little late to be asking, but could you send me the bibliography on Negro history and the racial crisis? Thanks.

—F. J., Waltham, Mass.

## FOR UNDERSTANDING

Enclosed are checks for three subscriptions to YOUTH. Two of

the subscriptions are to go overseas to former "Youth for Understanding" exchange students who spent a year here in northern California, returning home reluctantly last July. One of the many things they appreciated in America was YOUTH magazine, which our high school youth ministry uses for resource and inspirational material.

—D. W., Santa Rosa, Calif.

## PEACE IN ANY LANGUAGE

Enclosed (below) is the cover of my 1968 Christmas card. I suppose that the peace symbol has been over-used in your magazine. The message is the cry of the youth movement today. It's only too bad most of us share it just on Christmas. How about 365 Christmases? (The languages are Latin, Swedish, French, Russian, Italian, Greek, Korean, German, Spanish, and Chinese.)

—T. B., Hingham, Mass.



THINK ABOUT IT.

an irish blessing

and may the blessing of  
the rain be on you... the soft, sweet rain  
may it fall **up on your** spirit so that all  
the little flowers may spring up  
and shed their sweetness  
on the air

